

Losing You

by Cache

Category: Earth: Final Conflict
Genre: Angst
Language: English
Status: Completed
Published: 2000-06-21 09:00:00
Updated: 2000-06-21 09:00:00
Packaged: 2016-04-27 20:52:10
Rating: K+
Chapters: 1
Words: 778
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: Sandoval thinks back to losing Deedee. S3

Losing You

Spoilers: Up to and including 'Thicker Than Blood' [S3]

>
Authors notes, etc.: Yet another reflection piece, and yet again from Sandy's POV.

>
A note on the song excerpt at the end. It is taken from 'Losing You the Last Time' which is written by George Barton and George Schooley and performed by Barton and Sweeney [George Barton and Mark Sweeney]. It is copyrighted 1999.

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>
Even in the darkness, he knew she slept contentedly. He sighed, relaxing into the warm bed. There could be nothing more perfect. The form beside him stirred slightly, pressing into his side. Smiling,, he lay there, listening to her light breathing. Carefully, so as not to wake her, he rubbed her arm affectionately. He could still feel her touch, soft as silk on his skin, as she had caressed his face and kissed him good-night. She murmured something in her sleep. Instinctively, he turned to quiet her. "Shhh, Deedee. It's okay. Just sleep."

>
"Deedee?" Sandoval called softly, confused. What? Opening his eyes, he looked about him frantically. He could smell the scent of her skin, feel her at his side...

>
"Deedee," he sighed, a final plea as things started coming back to him. He was at a naval hospital after nearly dying. The doctors had refused to tell him anything other than he had a rare blood disorder, was dying, and there was little they could do. Anything that might help required an immediate family member. Impossible, his parents were both dead and he had never had any children.

>
Children. He flinched at the thought, remembering Deedee. She had always wanted children. At the time, he had been too busy with work to even consider the idea. Now he wished he had.

>
Pushing the thought from his mind, he rose from the bed. He put

on his robe and looked around the room. Somehow it seemed fitting. There was nothing personal about the room; it seemed as stark and sterile as the equipment it contained. And here he was, isolated and alone--dying. Perhaps this was payment for all he'd done in his life. God knows he deserved it.

>
He glanced at his wallet lying on a nearby table. Walking over to it, he opened it to a picture. Deedee and himself. Pain gripped his chest, and he sat down quickly before he lost his strength. How he missed her. She had been the most wonderful thing in his life, yet he'd thrown her away. It was no one's fault but his own. He had chosen to join the Taelons. That choice had cost him Deedee.

>
The way he'd treated her, he couldn't have expected her to stay. He'd lost all interest--nothing mattered but the Companions. Not her needs or feelings or her dreams--none of that had any importance anymore. The things they used to enjoy no longer interested him. He had stopped taking walks with her in the park. Her excited descriptions of the red buds in bloom or of the sun sparkling off ponds filled with geese fell on deaf ears. He had stopped spending the evenings with her curled up in their living room, talking or reading. Her conversation had turned tedious and the time seemed wasted. And he had stopped finding pleasure in her touch.

>
Sandoval wiped a tear from his cheek. How could he have been so blind? As all that had happened, he hadn't noticed, he hadn't cared. All that had mattered was working for the Taelons. He'd destroyed both of their lives.

>
Wiping another tear from his eye, he closed the wallet, putting it back on the table. Before he'd survived by keeping busy, now there was just too much time to think. He shook his head. It didn't matter anymore--nothing mattered. He had made his choices and it was too late to change that fact. Now he would pay for them. Hopefully whatever celestial being governed the universe would have mercy on him, and spare his soul. If he even had one left to save. Looking back on his deeds, sometimes he wondered if he hadn't sacrificed that too.

>
"I'm sorry, Deedee," he whispered. "I've failed you in so many ways." Suddenly the monitors in the room went off, as the world spun around him. He closed his eyes, giving in to the darkness. There was no use fighting anymore....

>
If letting go means losing you the last time

>Then loving you forever was a lie
And holding on to nothing in the meantime

>Is harder than it was to say goodbye

>--Fin--
11-25-99

>

End
file.